

FARM AND ORCHARD.

A TIMELY WARNING TO AMERICAN BREEDERS.

Chicks as Garden Assistants—The Care of Coals—Treatment of Celery—Notes, Etc.

Careless packing is always the source of more or less damage to shipments of goods, and is often the cause of rendering them entirely valueless. Americans are too willing to see shipments go out of their hands in an indifferent manner, and trust to luck to see them safely through.

James R. Hosmer, Consul-General of the United States to Guatemala, in a report to the Department of State, says: "American merchants in Guatemala assert that they are compelled to purchase their wares in Europe because the goods sent from America are so carelessly packed as to be badly damaged in transit. American made prints, agricultural implements and cutlery are preferred to those of other countries, and this has led dealers in Germany to imitate American trade marks and endeavor thereby to sell their wares as of American make." The foregoing, which applies to all articles of merchandise that may be damaged in transit, applies with even greater force to shipments of live stock, and particularly poultry.

Our improved American breeds are finding favor everywhere because of their high standard of excellence in all that goes to make a useful and beautiful fowl, and nowhere can they be procured in their highest form of excellence than in the United States, where they originated. We are of the opinion that our American breeders do not realize the immense importance of great care in keeping up the high standard of American breeds and improving them by careful breeding, and secondarily fostering and building up the trade with our friends in Australia, New Zealand, Japan and the islands of the Pacific by greater care in selection of fowls for export, and using only approved methods of shipment.

It has been intimated in some of our foreign exchanges that some fanciers in the Colonies had expressed a preference for English-bred American breeds simply because they arrived in better condition. There is no reason why this should be so. Our steamship lines are as well prepared to carry fowls as the English lines, and have the advantage of two weeks' time in transit. It only remains for our breeders to observe two rules, viz: "Select good stock" and "ship in approved coops," to secure, almost without exception, the trade in American breeds, as well as the larger part of orders for other classes that can be sure to be bred here to the great perfection as anywhere in the world.—*California Cocker.*

CHICKS AS GARDEN ASSISTANTS.

When hoeing or raking in the garden I am constantly turning up numerous grubs, worms, bugs and beetles of various sizes, kinds and color, and if I stopped to slay each and every one of them I should make very little progress. If I passed them gently by they would continue to gnaw, uproot and destroy my favorite vegetables, was fat and keep my wrath at a boiling-point.

How to compass their destruction expeditiously and cheaply was a problem I pondered much. But I have solved it at last, and now not a grub, grub or worm that may hoe or rake under has time to live. I astonished, before, presto! he finds himself amid the rocks and broken crockery in the interior of a healthy chick, where he is soon reduced to pulp.

I never want less than five fair-sized chicks more than a dozen small ones with me. If there are not enough they get full too quickly and retire. If there are too many they get in the way and some of them meet with accidental destruction. It is amusing in the extreme to see half a dozen or so of them dancing about on either side watching the progress of my implement, and when a choice morsel is exposed, pitching over each other in their eagerness to get it. Occasionally one becomes too fresh and gets knocked over, but they soon learn about how near it is safe to venture.

One lot I had in the early spring always followed along behind, but the little mob I have now keep constantly circling around me. All were hatched in an incubator and reared in a brooder, and are sold as soon as they weigh 2 1/2 to 3 pounds. These hatched by hen power must be taken from the hen as soon as hatched and reared in a brooder or they are no good as grub gobblers. They are afraid to leave their ma! and you don't want her along to work ruin.

I have done a good deal of hoeing and raking in the garden and among the strawberries, etc., this season, and of all the thousands of grubs and worms I turned up I am satisfied not half a dozen escaped the vigilant eyes and mine the best of my chicks. They have also kept the lawn, flower beds and garden entirely free from grasshoppers, while there are thousands among the clover not 300 yards away. About twenty are enough to have around, and as soon as they begin to scratch they should be sold or shut out and another lot of small ones brought in.—*Bural New Yorker.*

TREATMENT OF CELERY.

Celery, whether self-blanching or otherwise, can be grown with much or little labor, but like other vegetables, the more care that is given the better will be the result. There is a certain crispness and delicacy of flavor which can only be imparted by banking generously with earth. Previous to banking, some attention is necessary. Last year I bought a few pounds of straw paper, cut the sheets into 10-inch strips, and wrapped each plant in a paper jacket, then killed up almost to the top of the papers. After a little practice this can be done as expeditiously as the ordinary tying up. This wrapping should be done when the plants are about a foot high, keeping the loose ends of the paper in place with a handful of earth, thrown on with a garden trowel, until the row is finished. Care should always be taken in filling up to give a broad base to the hill, as the soil will need to be drawn up higher, later on if the plants have grown far enough above the paper to make it necessary. Persons raising celery on a large scale, for ordinary market purposes, would hardly care to take this trouble, but if only a few hundred stalks are to be grown, this plan cannot be too highly recommended. There are two advantages gained by this process. (1) There are no crooked stalks, as is often the case when the plants are tied up; (2) it prevents earth-worms from nibbling the stalks, which they are sure to do in a wet season.

THE CARE OF COLES.

Many valuable coles, says the Chicago *Housewife*, are lost every year for the want of a little care. Hundreds die from lack of condition. As a rule, if coles are fed liberally and kept growing constantly from birth there is not much danger to be on the safe side and it is always best means to prevent every form of sickness and suffering. Some Kentucky breeders practice mixing a little pulverized copers with salt and placing it in boxes where the coles can help themselves as they like. Two tablespoonfuls of copers to a pint of salt is sufficient. Horses suffering from worms can be cured in time by feeding a teaspoonful of copers mixed with a teaspoonful of powdered gentian every night for two or three weeks. It

can be mixed with oats or turned down the throat from a bottle. Copers and gentian is an excellent tonic. Breeders will do well to keep a small quantity on hand for the draught to put up four ounces each, compounding it in his mortar so as to mix it thoroughly. Put the powder in a small box or wide-mouthed glass jar, label it, and when needed give to grown horses a tablespoonful in their feed at night. A yearling will require about one-third as much as a grown animal, and weanlings a much smaller quantity.

A COMINATION SWINDLE.

The fruit-tree swindlers are again infesting the country, says the *Astorian*. The scheme now in hand is to furnish the farmer with so many dollars' worth of trees—say \$500—free of charge. The farmer is to plant and take proper care of these trees, and to deliver to the agent one-half their profits for ten or twelve years. But if the farm is sold during this time the trees are to be paid for at the price agreed upon; and, as evidence of good faith, the farmer gives his bond to such effect for the amount. So far there is no fraud, but in a short time a man comes along, admires the farm and tries to buy it. The price is finally agreed upon and the farmer is to furnish a free title to the land. Of course the bond has been recorded, and, to secure the sale, is promptly paid. And after the fruit-tree agent is dispensed with the farmer turns to his supposed purchaser—but alas! the bird has flown, and he goes home a sadder if not a wiser man.

BROILERS.

Now is the time to prepare for active operations if broilers are the object in view. Chicks hatched October 1st will be in prime order for market by January, and will continue to sell well until May, when the earlier hatched chicks from the fall and winter broods are being picked up and the prices begin to drop. With a properly-equipped establishment eggs may be hatched and reared during the next six months successfully and at good profit. We know this to be a fact, for we have tried it, and if our duties would permit would try it again. We are now getting our incubator in order so as to be prepared for any scarcity of broody hens during the winter. *California Cocker.*

FARM NOTES.

The man who has all the money he needs is the only one who can afford to raise scrubs.

See that the hen is not setting in drafts, or she may be taken sick before the hatch is half done.

A fruit-raiser in Newark, N. J., sells his quinces at \$6 per 100. He prunes carefully and applies manure two inches deep in the fall, and spades the ground the next spring.

The guinea is a hardy, healthy, good layer, though not popular for the table. A flock of guineas is the best investment and add life and music to the farmstead.

Clover hay, cut up about an eighth of an inch, mixed with bran and scalded, makes a capital breakfast for the fowls, and one that will tell wonderfully on the egg basket.

The Swiss Government distributes \$30,000 every year in prizes for bulls. The prize bulls are not allowed to be taken out of the country. The chief sources of farm profit in that country are from butter and cheese.

A small crack in the wall of the stable will do greater injury than to leave a window down. More harm results from a constant current of air coming on a portion of the body of an animal than when the animal is exposed entirely.

It should not be forgotten that sunflower seeds are of the best material for feeding to poultry. Let those who have sunflowers—and all farmers ought to have—observe how fond the sparrows are of these seeds. They not only eat the sunflower the national "posy" but

Salt is seldom given poultry, under the supposition that it is injurious, which is true if the salt is given in large quantities; but recent experiments prove that salt is necessary to a limited extent, as hens will lay more eggs and remain in good condition by allowing salt that if withheld entirely. The proper mode of giving salt to poultry is by seasoning the soft food allowed the hens.

An inventive genius in Rome, Ga., has constructed a little machine that he calls the "chicken walker." It proposes to do away with the fences around gardens and protect the gardens from damage by chickens. When the machinery is placed on a chicken's feet, and the fowl goes in the garden to make an effort to scratch the soil, instead of accomplishing its desire the attachment walks the chicken out of the garden—the harder it scratches the faster it walks.

Our experience with oyster shells is confined to California. The shells used for the poultry of San Jose and the surrounding valley are gathered by boatmen at the oyster beds about twelve miles from the port of Alviso. At Alviso they are put in sacks, holding about 80 pounds each, and sold to merchants wholesale, or by the sack to anyone in need of them. These shells are small and very tender, requiring no grinding or crushing to prepare them for the poultry. The cost retail 35 cents per sack, and are being used more extensively each year.—*California Cocker.*

BOWSER BUYS A CARPET.

In His Obscurity He Pays \$1 75 a Yard for a 60 Cent Pattern.

I regard Mr. Bowser as one of the kindest and most loving husbands in the world, and if anyone has imbibed the idea from anything I have put forward that he is eccentric or given to bulldozing, such an idea is radically wrong. He is simply the average husband after five years' marriage. The average husband not only knows fifty times as much as the average wife, but he regards it as his solemn duty to inform her of the fact on every possible occasion. If he happens to be mistaken he could back down gracefully, but he won't. He is infallible or nothing.

One evening not long since Mr. Bowser came home to supper complaining of aches and pains, and remarked that it was the rheumatism. I remarked that it was the rheumatism, for my engine floor along at the rate of fifty miles an hour down a long grade as straight as an arrow. Suddenly something struck me in the face, making a slight wound. I slowed down. "What's that near the furnace door?" I asked of the fireman, pointing to a little bit of white paper just to my left. The fireman stopped, picked up the paper and handed it to me.

In the dim light of the steam-gauge I read, "Look out on the track." I looked behind me and saw the bridge just at the entrance to the bridge I found a tie securely fastened across the track. The piece of paper had been framed and hung over the engineer's parlor mantel, and he called it his mascot, for he had never been behind since it was thrown into his cab.

The Engineer's Mascot.

The Brunswick, Ga., *Times*, tell a good railroad story. "I was on the night run," said the engineer, "and my train was about thirty minutes late. I said to my fireman: 'Keep her hot; I mean to go to meeting point on time.' During the next fifteen minutes I remarked that it was the rheumatism, for my engine floor along at the rate of fifty miles an hour down a long grade as straight as an arrow. Suddenly something struck me in the face, making a slight wound. I slowed down. 'What's that near the furnace door?' I asked of the fireman, pointing to a little bit of white paper just to my left. The fireman stopped, picked up the paper and handed it to me.

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The Ice Cream is Going.

"The taste of Washington people has undergone quite a change during the past few years in the matter of the use of ice and ice-cream," said Mr. McDermott to a Washington Post reporter. "There is now twice as much water-ice called for as there was three years ago, many people using it almost altogether in the place of ice-cream."

"What has brought about the change?" "I imagine it is the result of European travel. It Europe it is very rare that ice-cream is used, and Americans going abroad become used to the habit there and bring it home with them. Water-ices are generally looked upon as more healthy than ice-cream, and no doubt is more cooling for the warm weather."

My own family medicine—Simmons Liver Regulator.—Rev. James M. Rollins, Fairfield, Va.

"No, ma'am, it hasn't," he replied, as he drew in his head.

"Isn't the earth all wet, and don't you see water in the gutters?"

"That's dew. It always falls that way at this time of year."

"Mr. Bowser, do you mean to tell me it hasn't rained?"

"I do," I said it wouldn't, and it hasn't. One of the stokers may have been up pumping out a cistern, but it hasn't rained."

And to this day he sticks to it, although I proved my case by every neighbor and the signal office.

"I wanted a carpet for one of the bedrooms and I mentioned that I thought we had better get a velvet."

"What's the matter with tapestry?" he queried.

"It's too common, and there's no wear to it."

"You talk as if you knew all about carpets. When did tapestry become common?"

"It always has been common. It's only one grade above flannel."

"Oh, it is! Well, I take great pleasure in informing you that you're way off. What you don't know about carpets would fill a book."

"But you know all about 'em?"

"Certainly. Every intelligent man does, especially if he is married. Tapestry, as you ought to have known for the last twenty-five years, ranks next to Axminster."

"It can't be." "Didn't I say it did? If I didn't know, why would I say so? First comes flannel, then two-ply and three-ply ingrain, and the last is followed by Brussels, velvets, moquettes, tapestries and Axminsters. You'd better write 'em down."

"Mr. Bowser, you are wrong, as I will prove to you. Tapestry is below body Brussels as low as price. I can buy tapestry as low as 65 cents per yard."

"Oh, well, it's no use to dispute with a bigot. You happened to mispeak yourself and get it that way, and so you are determined to stick it out. We'll drop the subject."

"Dare you meet me at the carpet store this afternoon?" I demanded.

"Dare I! Should say I dare! I can't bluff me in that way, Mr. Bowser. I'll meet you there at 3 o'clock, and after you have been made to sing small I hope you will take the lesson to heart and reap its benefits. Bring the measure of the room with you."

I met him at the hour named. He looked at me in a plying way, and I think he felt sorry for me from the bottom of his heart.

"We want to look at some tapestry carpet," he said to the clerk as we entered the elevator.

We were carried up two or three flights, given seats by the window, and as roll after roll of carpet was displayed, the clerk said:

"These are all the new fall patterns in tapestry, and the prices are very low. I can sell you any pattern on the floor for 60 cents."

Mr. Bowser's mouth gave a twitch at the left-hand corner, followed by a sudden contraction at the right, and he was a little hoarse as he observed:

"If these are only sixty cents, then moquettes can't be over forty."

"I can sell you moquettes as low as \$1 75, but you don't want 'em. You want one for about \$2 25."

There was a spasmodic movement through Mr. Bowser's entire system as he queried:

"What is velvet worth?"

"About \$2."

"And body Brussels?"

"From \$1 up."

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Mr. Bowser as he rose, "that tapestry is the cheapest of the lot?"

"Why, certainly."

"Cheaper than velvet or moquette?"

"Of course. Tapestry ranks only one grade above flannel."

"I don't believe it. You are certainly mistaken."

"But I can't be. Any carpet man in town will tell you the same. Even your wife must know that."

That finished Mr. Bowser. The last sentence also finished me. He and I paid for our carpet, and he remained not to give in. He therefore swallowed the lump in his throat and said:

"I beg to tell you with you, you have got the case turned end for end, but I am too honorable to take advantage of you. It is the goodness of God that I have twenty-five instead of the moquettes. Here's the pattern that suits us, and I want eighteen yards. Make the bill at 14 shillings a yard."

"Very well," replied the puzzled clerk, and the carpet was laid, and paid for on that basis, and it is down to last until now. I've had half a dozen lady friends drop in and incidentally inquire why we got such a cheap, shabby carpet, but they are no longer gone than up bobs Mr. Bowser and says:

There goes another nunkull! It's mighty funny how you people have let carpet-men impose on you for the last dozen years! If they'd tell you that red was black I suppose you'd believe it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A VOITUREUR RONDEAU.

How weak is man! How'er he tries, He cannot be forever wise.

Alas, I smoked too much last night, And now I am no wiser than a child.

With furry tongue and burning eyes, Strange forms before my visions rise, A burden on my bosom lies, How weak is man! How weak is man!

But shooting folly as it flies Is just the sport we mortals prize; So, now, fresh clear! light, And all the world again is bright. How craven he who craven cries! How weak is man!—*Washington Post.*

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DR. NANSEN'S STORY.

HOW HE CROSSED THE ICE-FIELDS OF GREENLAND.

An Enterprise Others Have Failed In—Its Importance to Science—Ice One Mile Thick.

At a meeting of the Royal Geological Society at Burlington House, in London, on the night of June 24th, over which Sir E. M. Grant Duff presided, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the Greenland explorer, gave a description of his recent journey across the inland ice of Greenland from east to west. Dr. Nansen was received with warm cheers and proceeded to deliver his lecture with the assistance of a great many sketches in color of Greenland scenes. A sledge referred to in the lecture was in front of the table and a map of the country dealt with faced the audience.

The report of the lecture printed in the *London Times* says that Dr. Nansen began by remarking that since the discovery of Greenland, 900 years ago, its interior has remained a mystery. Many attempts have been made to penetrate it, but none have succeeded. The first expedition known of was one toward the middle of last century led by the first and last Governor in Greenland, Major Parris, with an escort of more than twenty soldiers, with their wives and children, twelve horses, guns, etc., wished to cross the continent on horseback and to found a colony on the east coast. The next was the Dane, Peter von Schlegel, in 1826. In the present century there had been many attempts by adventurous travelers and men of science. In 1866 two Englishmen—the well-known Alpinist, Edward Whymper, and Dr. Robert Brown—tried it from the shores of Disco Bay, but were obliged to return after penetrating only a few miles, convinced that to cross the wide icy plateau was an impossibility. More fortunate were the subsequent expeditions of the great Arctic explorer, Nordenskiöld, in 1870; of the Dane, Captain Jensen Kornum, and Groth, in 1875; Nordenskiöld again in 1883, and the American, Peary, with the Dane Maigaard, in 1886.

As these attempts were made from the west coast, no one had tried to solve the problem by the little-known east coast. Dr. Nansen had of long opinion that the only way of crossing Greenland was to start from the east coast and make for the west, where the Danish-Eskimau settlements would offer their hospitality after the exhausting journey, there being no settlements to make for on the east coast. Most people thought his plan was that of a madman, but notwithstanding all warnings a generous Dane, Augustin Gamel, offered to contribute to the fitting outfit of the expedition, and more than forty Norwegian sailors to accompany him. Dr. Nansen selected three Otto Sverdrup (shipmaster), Dietrichsen (Lieutenant in the Norwegian army), and Kristiansen (a peasant). He engaged in addition two Laps—Sannal Bado and Ole Ravna. Arriving at the inland ice on their way on the east coast, they embarked on board a Norwegian sealing ship on the 17th of July; the party left this ship in their two boats at a distance of ten miles from the land, near Cape Dan (65° 30' north latitude). In their boats they reached the land at Anorhok (61° 30' north latitude) on the 29th of July. They had now to force their way northward along the coast to reach a more northerly latitude. At last, on the 15th of August, they disembarked, and without delay commenced their inland journey.

The original destination was the settlement of Kristianshaab, in Disco Bay. For twelve days the party pushed forward in this direction. At first the snow was rather hard, but it became looser, and the pulling of the sledges was very hard work. A common snow-drift blew in their faces. Finding it would be impossible at this rate to reach Kristianshaab in time to catch the last ship of the season for Denmark, they altered their course to a more westerly direction, making for the settlement of Godthaab.

The driving snow continued to hamper their progress, but the surface was even, like a floor, gently rising until, at the beginning of September, they had reached the height of 9,000 feet above sea level. They were now on an extensive ice plain resembling a vast level, and the driving snow ceased to travel over this desolate region. The cold was quite unexpectedly severe, the thermometer falling below the scale in the nights, and on some nights reaching, as he calculated, 45° and 50° below the freezing point (Centigrade). On the 16th of September a favorable wind sprang up. The travelers laid the sledges together and hoisted the sails, so that it was unnecessary to draw them. They held on to the sledges, standing on their "skis" (Norwegian snow-shoes), and thus made their way across the ice to the continent at a splendid rate.

At last, on the 24th, they reached the zone of land bare ice on the west coast, and on the 26th descended to a ford called Ameralik. Here they constructed a boat out of the carcasses of the tent, using willow boughs and a bamboo staff as ribs. In this small boat two of the party paddled fifty miles to the nearest Danish settlement, Godthaab, arriving on the 3d of October, and immediately sending word by boat to the Cape Dan boat behind.

The scientific results of the expedition had not yet been fully worked out; the observations made related to questions of a geographical, geological and meteorological nature. There were, however, some few important points which might be mentioned. The expedition, Dr. Nansen believed, had proved the whole of the interior of Greenland to be covered by an immense shield-shaped cap of ice and snow, which in some places must be as thick as 5,000 feet, and in others, as thin as 500 feet.

The investigation of this immense ice and snow field would, no doubt, yield results of the greatest importance to the study of glacial theories. Another point of great interest was the very low temperature found in the interior land which did not seem to agree with the received meteorological laws. Dr. Nansen thought that this low temperature might throw a good deal of light on the much-discussed question—the cause of the great cold of the interior of Europe and North America, which at that time were covered with an ice sheet similar to that now seen in Greenland. He thought that the best way of solving the problems of the great ice age was to go to the interior of the ice, and not better place for this could be found than Greenland. But Greenland was a vast region; his expedition was the first to cross it, but he hoped it would not be the last. He considered the results of the characteristics of Scotland and Scandinavia.

THE BABOON WON.

How a Little Monkeys Took the Conceit Out of a Prize Fighter.

In the old St. Louis museum we had, among other attractions, a baboon called Dick, says a writer in the *New York Sun*. He was a solid chunk of a fellow, good tempered and a great favorite. He had one peculiarity, though, which we had to cater to. He took short naps twice a day, and if aroused before his time he was as ugly as sin all the rest of the day. We had him dressed up as a little boy, and when the time came to take his nap he crept into an old-fashioned cradle and the

fat woman generally rocked him to sleep. That, very thing was quite a draw, and plenty of people came in solely to see the baboon rocked off to slumber.

One day, soon after Dick had closed his eyes, a half-drunken chap entered the place and created considerable disturbance. He went by the name of Awful Pete, and was a hard stugger. I tried to reason with him and get him out, but he unfortunately caught sight of the sleeping baboon and at once demanded that the animal be aroused and put through his tricks. I sought to explain, but he wouldn't have it, saying: "I paid to see the bab, and I'm going to see him or bust the b'f'er."

"But if you wake him he'll fight." "Then I'll risk my neck!"

Before I could stop him he dodged under the rope and lifted Dick out of the cradle. The animal woke up and took in the situation in about the tenth part of a second, and then he fastened his hands into Pete's hair, got a grip with his teeth on the slugger's nose, and we had a museum, menagerie and circus combined for the next five minutes. Pete roared and whooped and pranced around in pain and terror, and the bab pulled handfuls of hair from his head, and bit and scratched like a wildcat. When we finally got him off that slugger was a hard stugger. I tried to reason with him and get him out, but he unfortunately caught sight of the sleeping baboon and at once demanded that the animal be aroused and put through his tricks. I sought to explain, but he wouldn't have it, saying: "I paid to see the bab, and I'm going to see him or bust the b'f'er."

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GENERAL EDUCATION.

LABOR RESPECTABLE AND IDLENESS DISRESPECTABLE.

Senator Stanford's Idea in Establishing the Leland Stanford Jr. University.

The following article from the pen of Senator Leland Stanford, published in the *San Francisco Examiner* of October 20th, will be read with deep interest and command thoughtful consideration:

The future of the State of California will equal in its greatness the capacity of the human intelligence for expansion. No where are the conditions of life happier and better, no place on the globe contains so fully the resources necessary for the physical and intellectual improvement of mankind.

The faculty for advantageously using the resources of nature, which is only bounded by the almost limitless range of human conception, is all that is needed to place this State in the van of the highest development of human comfort and intelligence.

To advance that time was my object in founding the institution at Palo Alto which bears the name of my son. I was satisfied when I provided for this institution that all education tends to the physical as well as the intellectual advancement, and what man does for education he does for civilization. Any education does this, but I hope to have more from my institution. I want to improve the methods of education.

I was struck by a remark that Professor Agassiz made to me when he was here and examined the great glacier. I asked him if he thought that it would ever be counted for. He answered that it would. He said that when the science of education was so much improved, the knowledge of the mineralogist, the geologist, the paleontologist and the astronomer were combined in one person the theory would be understood.

We had quite a lengthy discussion about education that I mentioned very much, and when I recall that the sources of supply of the wants, both physical and intellectual, are inexhaustible, it seems to me it should be the aim of education to teach man to utilize the forces that are around him.

If every person in the world had luxurious surroundings; if every one had an elegant home with all its accompaniments, still the sources of supply from which it came would grow more and more scarce; that is, the mines and fields and cultivation of the soils that give us these things would not be appreciably lessened. I have great faith in man's power to perfect his control of the forces that surround him.

Already the discovery of the power of steam and the way to convert it has added immensely to the power of production, though nearly all the labor-saving inventions have been brought into use during the present century. How immeasurably this power of production has increased in the last fifty years is beyond conception.

It was centuries before Watts noticed the throbbing of the boiling water in the teakettle and gave us now the natural forces that we have controlled to a limited extent. So with the element of electricity—to what extent we can control it cannot be told, but we have reason to hope for great things from this great power. With this increase of the power of production the time will come when every provident and industrious man may have all the comforts and luxuries within the reach of his reach of the rich. Labor properly distributed and aided will do even more for the intellectual requirements of man than for his physical needs. Physical needs are small in relation to the intellectual requirements, for while the former are limited the latter are capable of indefinite expansion. Our capacity for acquiring pleasures increases with our enjoyment of them. It is not so with the physical. A man's mind can never be filled to repletion or his appetite for beauty and pleasure.

In view of these things I wish my school more especially directed to the investigation and teaching of how to control the forces of nature and to make the elements of the servant of man. I wish to give my ten pupils to the post-graduates who have a desire for deeper investigations.

My aim is to make the education very general in character, and particularly I want the students to understand that labor is respectable and idleness is disreputable. We propose to fit the student, so far as practicable, for his life and to confine our course to literature and art.

I deem it especially important that the education of the female should be equal to that of the male, and I am inclined to think that if the education of either is neglected, it had better be that of the man than the woman, because if the mother is well educated she can be a help and not a hindrance to the child. I remember that Bain in his "Elements of Criticism" says that a child in the first seven years of his life has more new ideas than he can possibly acquire. I say, I think, "If you give me the education of the child up to five years I do not care who educates him after that." The mother's system of teaching is substantially the kindergarten system. This is the opinion of Professor Agassiz.

The true system of education shows a marked contrast to the system practiced in our schools. Forty years ago, a lesson out of a book to recite to the teacher.

My own son never went to any school except the kindergarten. On one occasion he came home with a book and recited to me what he had learned. He had learned to tell me about it. His teacher required all the children to bring some natural object to school as a subject for a short talk. My son had brought a pebble to the school. She looked at it and noted that it was round.

She explained that that indicated that it had probably rolled from the top of a mountain down to the beach, for it had been in a running stream or other stones passing over it would have flattened it. Then she discovered that it was sandstone, and she told him all about the formation of the rocks. Then she saw a scratch on it and explained how that might have come—maybe from a stone passing over it or perhaps from a glacier. This opened up a new talk about glaciers, and the vision thus unfolded to his mind made so profound an impression on him that I am satisfied in his short life this episode of his kindergarten training turned his mind in the direction of inquiries, the answers to which were an education in themselves.

I became much impressed with this incident, and in following out the course of education that impressed him so deeply I hope for great things.

The current publications are really the great educators, because they preserve and disseminate ideas wherever people can read, and do much in raising the standard of intelligence among the people, thus making the people more appreciative and take advantage of the genius of the few.

It is lack of education alone that makes the great mass of the European peasantry so slow in adopting the modern improvements. They do not use machinery because they are neither aware of its existence nor able to appreciate the advantages of its use. One of the great remedies for the great superiority of hand tools in America over those in use abroad. The greatest extravagance in Europe—greater than that of their large standing armies—is in the waste of labor, using their hands and poor tools instead of machinery and fine tools.

So I want these schools to provide an education to make the people, as far as possible, able to secure the fullest amount of comfort and luxury from the natural resources that are at their disposal. I want to teach the people how to make a living and satisfy their physical longings with the least possible expenditure of labor, that they may have the largest possible amount of time and means for the enjoyment of intellectual pleasures.

The possibilities of human enjoyment are as boundless as the beneficence of the Creator, and the Creator does not have placed His great gifts beyond us, for there is no beneficence in the existence of the Creator. That being the case, and I think the proposition does not admit of doubt, it becomes the duty of all people having the means in their power, to teach the people how best to attain all the good possible in this life. The Mormon Church

does this. They divide the country into wards having a population of a few hundreds.

The Bishop there is not necessarily a spiritual adviser alone; he also advises in temporal affairs. If a farmer is going to plant wheat on cold wet land, he tells him his mistake. He advises him when to plant and when to reap, what crops to sow and the kind of stock most profitable on his land. The Mormon farmer in Utah has the advantage of the knowledge of the most scientific. There the genius of the few is at the command of all. The result is that there is no physical want in Utah. Everyone has a comfortable home, good clothes and sufficient food.

It will be our aim in the college to give a practical education, to cultivate manual dexterity, to open the range of inquiry and make the scholar rely on his own resources. I have already relied on some machines, shops, and hope that the college will in the future be able to do this. I want to see the system of industry by the difficulty that besets a boy who wishes to learn a mechanical art. Still that is not, by any means, the extent of our aims. I want to teach the benefits and resources of labor, to show him who has to work how to toil that he may easily earn his needed rest and recreation. I want to unfold the possibilities of enjoyment and show every industrious and provident man how he may secure them without the expenditure of more physical effort than is necessary for his health. There will always be some inequality; some men will be indolent, and to that extent will the burdens of the provident and industrious be increased. A term in the school should not demand from the industrious more labor than is compatible with the highest intellectual enjoyment.

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PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

THE FEARS OF HIS EXCELLENCY COUNT DE COELLO.

He sees in the Congress of the Americas Things that are Not Dreamed of in the United States.

Translated from the Spanish, for the RECORD-UNION, by J. H. GERRISH.

Although I have already written on this subject in the columns of *La Epoca*, the great circulation of *La Ilustracion Espanola*, in the world discovered by Columbus, gives to it a legitimate and sympathetic influence over the thoughts of our brethren of Central and South America. This fact impels me to open up a subject that tends to the absorption of all the people of the Spanish and Portuguese race by the powerful North American confederation, and to close the New World to the products of Europe. The consideration of this, as a realization, is a stone wall to the aspirations of Spain. The exterior commerce of the Spanish-American Republic (without counting in the Empire of Brazil) amounts to upwards of six hundred and eighty millions of dollars. That Spain only has a share of this commerce, and that France having the greater part of it—does not diminish the importance of the danger, neither the greatness and gravity of the war that the United States of America may see in the interruption of our commercial relations with the Spanish-American nations by a moral blockade, that following their emancipation, and by our own civil war, the products of the Spanish industries of the mother country. When trade began to rise from its prostration, it was again checked by the deadly struggle of the Pacific Ocean, and the nations that are beginning to live, grow and develop on all the coasts and among the people of that immense continent.

The demonstration of the products of Catalonia industry, whose exposition at Barcelona—although forming a contrast with the same manifestation that we made after the war of independence—has been much for our name in America. More over, there are indications of this regeneration of trade in the splendid reception of the ship *Expedition*, with its worthy exhibition of the products of Spain, which by a happy thought was sent to the banks of the Rio de la Plata, as also to Mexico. The productions of our artists, approved by exhibition in Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, Chile and Central America, have been the works of our painters and sculptors of the artistic Spanish colony of South America.

Besides, this question ought not to be considered by Spain entirely on the commercial side, as England, France and Italy do. There is a higher and with the same political influence, that *des nationalities*, that is to say, the Spanish race ought not to abandon the world that our great genius has left to the hands of the United States. This would be equivalent to Europe abandoning the world of the United States of America.

Our century has seen—as we have already written in another place—the results that the Zollverein Germania has given for the Constitution of the German Empire; and if all the hopes, and all the gigantic plans, that the United States of America propose to obtain, with the Congress of Washington, are realized, not only European commerce, but all the influence of Europe and the United States will have disappeared in South America in the twentieth century. For at the limit, the great German Empire, nearly preponderant in the world, the most elementary and not alone. She has at her flanks Russia, that in the proximate century will powerfully dispute her position as the first power in Europe, and France, that cannot agree to the definite loss of the world held by her four times with so much glory.

Meanwhile, Austria and Italy, if they are allied in policy, defend energetically their commercial interests, and in the end there is nothing of this. Near the omnipotent Republic, that duplicates her population each fourth of a century, and already her commerce, her industry, her power—there is nothing but States of relatively small populations, and they are divided by strife that often has rent them asunder.

The programme of the Congress of Washington, convened for the 21st of October, at Washington, eloquently says the idea was conceived by McCreary, Minister during the late administration of President Grant. It was more liberal than the party that to-day is in power in the United States. President Harrison represents this party. He is an enthusiastic admirer of the United States. He has at his flanks Russia, that in the proximate century will powerfully dispute her position as the first power in Europe, and France, that cannot agree to the definite loss of the world held by her four times with so much glory.

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But a word is necessary to explain the force of the United States, going to show the superiority of their commerce with that of Europe, in respect to those that they call their sister nations of America. Thus, while Great Britain sends to Brazil \$25,000,000, the United States sends to that country does not exceed \$7,000,000. The comparison is even more disadvantageous with relation to the Rio de la Plata and to Chile. Thus, in the Argentine Republic, whose commercial movement ascends to \$70,000,000 strong, and her population grows all the time, the proportion of the importation is for England thirty per cent, and for the United States only twenty-five per cent, for the great Republic. The trade is even worse in Uruguay and Chile; not almost null in the case of Uruguay, but in Venezuela compared with that of Great Britain. It only exceeds this somewhat in Mexico, owing to the fact that the United States has imposed after their victory, and by the close relations that California has established between the two frontier nations.

But if the United States will work perfectly for bettering their situation, following their legitimate aspirations, consequently not rejecting their enemies to the United States, Europe from the markets of America, as they are already excluded from all influence in the destinies of America.

And if there is any nation that has the right to claim this part, the titles of the community of race, of religion, of language, our sap and our blood, that at the expense of the mother country we gave to the trade of America, is Spain, who has cured of vain dreams, condemned in all her parts the political adventurer that produced the war of the Pacific, having given to the world the example of a nation, even at the cost of the friendship with the then powerful Napoleonic Empire. This placed the monarchy in great danger, and perhaps the recognition of Mexico in 1838, and the downfall of Isabel II.

We make no pretensions to any protectorate, neither aspire to dominion of any kind in America. We aspire to the friendship of the United States, to those commercial relations that now are open, will be closer, and increase more and more with the mutual advantage of the commerce and of the prosperity of America who are brothers and of nations of the same origin. Far from asking from these exclusive treaties that one day they author the monopoly of the United States, we desire to determine the exportations we desire in the industries. We send quantities of merchandise to America in bond, and its price suffers no concurrency with the price of the North.

As the rapid lines of beautiful steamers are growing more and more every day, our geographical situation will not favor us, approved by exhibition in Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, Chile and Central America, have been the works of our painters and sculptors of the artistic Spanish colony of South America.

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the country. Never

ASSISTING SETTLERS.

Plan of the Southern Pacific Company Colonization Agency.

The Southern Pacific Company Colonization Agency, which has offices in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, has issued a circular giving the following as its plan of operations:

An agent of the company will, without expense to them, visit the seekers for agricultural homes at their own residences, as nearly as may be practicable, and will furnish them with exact information concerning all these matters which must interest them.

Special contracts have been made with several of the large land-holders of the State for parts of their land whereby, for the purpose of settling, the lands to be selected by an expert from any part of the estate, which selections will be sold at greatly reduced prices only to purchasers for actual and immediate settlement. Buyers will not be allowed to purchase at these prices any more land than they will actually cultivate. Thoroughly competent men entirely familiar with all kinds of farming and fruit-raising in the State, living on adjoining land or on land selected, will be secured as local advisers and assistants to colonists, to give them the benefit of their intimate knowledge of all those matters that concern the building of homes, the buying of materials, stock, seed, trees, vines, etc., the time and manner of planting and harvesting, and in short to make the home-builder feel that he has come among friends.

When persons determine through information furnished by the colonization agent that they will remove to any given colony, the agent will arrange the trip for them and their families, and, when practicable, send them by train on which the company has a tourist or excursion agent, arriving at the proposed point of embarkation the tourist agent will place the families in charge of the local colony agent, who is himself a resident of the immediate neighborhood of the colony.

Opportunities will be offered all colonists to examine the soil and topography, and interview the farmers on the ground or in the immediate neighborhood. If the home-seeker finds everything as has been represented to him, he will be glad to make his selection at once, under the guidance and advice of neighbors whose interest it will be to promote his welfare in every way.

As before stated, he will have the benefit in his new surroundings of the advice of his neighbors and the best advice of the local colony agent. He will make no unnecessary expenditures, he will lose no time unnecessarily and he need make no mistakes.

The main solicitude of the colonization agency is in the interest of the home-seeker. Not only will the utmost care be exercised to locate him within the proper environments, but a most watchful and friendly interest in him will be maintained by the agency, and will be manifested by its active co-operation with him, so long as such interest may seem to benefit him.

THEY TRY SOFT-SOAP.

Los Angeles People Coasting Mr. Hancock to Step Down.

At a meeting of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce the other day, at which H. M. LaRue of this city was present, the action of the State Board of Agriculture, taken some weeks ago, in appointing G. W. Hancock, of Sacramento, Superintendent of the Citrus Fair, was discussed to some extent, but no action was taken.

"The people of Southern California," says the *Times* of that city, "believe that one of their own number should manage the fair, and an effort will be made to induce the State Board to withdraw the name of Mr. Hancock and appoint a Southern California man. Mr. Hancock is an honorable gentleman, and is a good man to manage a fair, but he is not acquainted in this portion of the State, and would not give satisfaction in any sense of the word. 'No one has yet been selected by the Chamber of Commerce, but in case Mr. Hancock does withdraw a man who is well acquainted, and has more than the ordinary amount of executive ability, should be chosen. The State Board will meet on the 29th inst., when something will probably be done to induce Mr. Hancock to resign.'"

WEATHER AND WATER.

A Prospect of Wet Weather To-day, by Way of Variety.

The Signal Service barometer in this city yesterday was steady all day at 30.02 inches, and at 5 p. m. the wind was light in velocity and was moving from the northwest. If it remains there the atmosphere should become cooler and dryer.

The Signal Service indications for to-day are light rains in Northern California and fair weather in Southern California.

The rainfall in this city yesterday was .14 of an inch, making 5.12 inches for the season, as against 55 of an inch to an equal date last year.

The temperatures yesterday at 5 A. M. and 5 P. M. were 60° and 62°, respectively. The highest and lowest were 64° and 50°, while for the same time last year they were 69° and 45°. The highest and lowest one year ago were 74° and 42°.

A Sneak-Thief's Surprise.

Yesterday Harry Day, the young man arrested for stealing a case of instruments belonging to Dr. Templeton, a dentist of Sutter Creek, insisted that he had not sold them. Chief Lee surprised him by producing the case of tools, and he then admitted that he had sold the whole outfit to Doctor Reid of this city for \$5.

Officer Coffey found the stolen property after searching among the dentistry offices, and of course Day could not deny the fact that he had sold them in his previous statements. A charge of grand larceny will appear against him on the Police Court calendar to-day.

New Incorporations.

The following articles of incorporation were filed in the Secretary of State's office yesterday:

Indian Springs Consolidated Gold Mining Company, of Placer county, California, Auburn, Capital stock, \$40,000, all of which is actually subscribed. Directors—John B. Hobson, F. Chappell, T. F. Haney, J. H. Newell, and D. W. Lusk.

Improved Order of Red Men Relief and Burial Association.

First Baptist Church of the City of Headbury.

Prosecuting Fish Destroyers.

The case of M. A. Wheaton, charged with not maintaining the proper fish wharf at the Wheaton dam, near La Grange, Stanislaus county, came up for trial in a Justice's Court in Modesto on Thursday before a jury. Commissioner Joseph Bonard, Secretary O'Connell of Sacramento, of the State Board of Fish Commissioners, were present. Between thirty and forty witnesses from La Grange are on hand, having been subpoenaed by the defense. The case will probably occupy two or three days.

Changes in Time-Tables.

The railroad officials have for some time been figuring on changes to be made in the running time of trains, to go into effect on the 1st of November, but have not yet arrived at definite results. Among other changes likely to be made is the withdrawal of the swing train which has been running between this city and Marysville during the summer months. The company will also probably discontinue the night train between Marysville and Oroville.

This most popular market in this city is the Sacramento Market, 308 to 310 K street. Here you can always find the largest, freshest and best supply of fruit and vegetables to be had. Everything is sold in a manner creditable to the proprietors, cleanliness being one of the chief considerations. To-day they have on hand plump game of all kinds, mountain trout, Eastern frozen oysters, superior Petaluma butter, fresh eggs, and a fine line of the most select and choice table delicacies to be found in this State. Their prices are always the very lowest.

A DISGUISED TRAMP.

He Plays the Coffee-and-Doughnut Gag on the Wrong Man.

A seedy, unkempt sort of fellow yesterday rolled into the store of a J-street merchant (whose name might be Simpkins, but it isn't) and approached the senior member of the firm, who was, as usual, very busy.

"Mister," said he, "will you please give me a dime to get something to eat?"

Simpkins cast a hurried glance at the fellow and concluded that he was one of the kind who squander their dimes on

etables, and replied that he had nothing for him.

"But, sir," said the visitor with a

doled air, "I'm nearly starved, you wouldn't refuse a man the price of a cup of coffee and a doughnut?"

"You're positive it's coffee and dough-

nuts you want? I just came to town

from Truckee, and haven't."

"That's what! I haven't eaten a bite

of food for two days. I just came to town

from Truckee, and haven't."

"You don't go and spend it for whiskey,

and the man of business passed over the

bit of coin to his seedy-looking visitor.

The latter went off and down to Third

street, which he crossed to the south side,

and then turned up toward the nearest sal-

oon, which he entered. Simpkins had

been watching him, and slipping out of

the back of the side entrance of the saloon

and got in just as the hungry man had

poured out about four fingers of whiskey.

He raised his chin to loosen his shirt-collar

and began to enjoy his drink—when

Simpkins slipped noiselessly up behind

him and "muzzled" the glass.

"Here's to your good health," he re-

minded, "the astonished tramp turned

and saw what had become of the liquor.

"When my money pays for a treat like this,

I prefer to drink it myself."

The tramp saw his blunder and made a

bee-line for the street in search of another

coffee-and-doughnut victim.

AFTER AN EXECUTOR.

The Daughters of B. M. Richmond, De-

ceased, File an Important Petition.

Elina M. Ferguson and Lucy B. Gaul,

have filed a petition in the Superior Court

for the suspension of Samuel M. Coppin as

executor of the estate of Billings M. Rich-

mond, deceased. The petition sets forth

that Richmond died testate on the 28th of

April, 1886, in Lassen county, he having up

to that date been a resident of the county

of Sacramento; that said Coppin applied

therefor and was appointed executor of the

estate, he giving a bond in the sum of \$50,

000, and has since so remained, that more

than one year and a half has elapsed since

the expiration of the time of notice to

creditors, and that he has never rendered

any annual or final account of his adminis-

tration, as required by law, and has wrong-

fully neglected the estate.

Petitioners charge that while acting as

executor said Coppin has loaned large sums

of money belonging to the estate to his

brother-in-law, J. R. Catlett, and other per-

sons, without order or authority from the

Court. They further aver that since his

appointment as executor said Coppin has

wasted, mismanaged and fraudulently

loaned the property belonging to the estate."

Also, that the petitioners have within the

last six months demanded of him an ac-

counting of the condition of the estate,

which he has refused to do.

Therefore the petitioners pray for an

order of Court suspending the powers of said

Samuel M. Coppin as executor of the estate,

and that letters be issued to L. L. Lewis as

executor, in his stead.

MORE CARELESSNESS.

Street Obstructions Cause a Painful Ac-

cident to a Citizen.

On Thursday night G. W. Connors, who

is in the employ of Messrs. Maxon & Ac-

kley, was thrown to the ground by the over-

turning of his buggy on Twenty-eighth

street, near M, and suffered a bad fracture

of the right shoulder blade. The alleged

cause of the accident was a pile of material

of some sort said to have been left in the

street by men engaged in repairing the

streets. The pile was about six feet high,

and there was no light to warn travelers of

the danger.

He made his way to the livery stable

where he was delivered, and rode back with

the proprietor to find the animal and

vehicle, when they were overtaken by the

same obstruction. Connors' injury is

said to be very severe.

Later last night a telephone message to

the Record Union from an up-town hotel

stated that two young gentlemen had just

arrived in the city, having been wrecked on

the same spot. It seems they were on their

way to attend a party in the country, when

their buggy collided with the obstruction in

the street, and was upset and completely

smashed. The young men were thrown

into the mud and had their clothing ruined,

but fortunately escaped serious personal

injury.

FRUIT-GROWERS.

Their Interests to be Discussed at the

Coming Convention.

The twelfth session of the California

State Fruit-growers' Convention will convene

at Fresno on Tuesday, November 5,

1889, and continue four days. Hon. El-

wood Cooper, President of the State Board

of Horticulture, will deliver his annual

address, at the conclusion of which D. J.

Griffin, of Fresno, will deliver an address

of welcome.

The following subjects will come before

the Convention for consideration: "Pro-

tection of the Industry," "Insect Pests

and Their Extirpation," "The Planting

and Cultivation of Fruit Trees," "The

Most Profitable Kind of Fruit to Grow,"

"Drying and Canning Fruit" (the latter

process will be illustrated), "Irrigation

and Protection to Water Sources," "Mar-

keting of Fruit."

At this time the arrangements will be

made for the holding of the next State Con-

vention to be held somewhere in Southern

California in April next.

In addition to the above, several papers

will be read, many of which have been

promised, others are expected from writers

not yet heard from, and from voluntary

contributors.

ORANGE-HUED.

Rather Lively Times Expected Over the

Citrus Fair Contest.

What a flood of eloquence will be poured

into the ears of the State Agricultural Di-

rectors at their next meeting! Neither

Yuba, Sutter nor Butte counties are lack-

ing in orators, and each will be strongly

represented at the contest which is to decide

whether the Citrus Fair shall be held.

Yuba and Sutter, which are putting to-

gether against Butte, have already selected

their advocates, as follows: Judges E. A.

Davis and I. S. Belcher, Hon. J. H. Jewett,

Senator F. A. Greely, Colonels J. B. Fuller

and Edward Woodruff, W. A. Lawson, W.

M. Cutler, W. T. Ellis, Jr., F. W. Johnson

and G. W. Harney, of Marysville; W. H.

Durst, Daniel Frazer and J. M. C. Jasper,

of Wheatland; James O'Brien, of Sma-

ville, and Judge P. W. Keyser, George

Oehler, R. C. Kells and A. F. Abbott, of

Sutter county.

Now let us see what Butte can turn out

in the way of oratorical timber.

TRIUMPH OF JUSTICE.

George Langlois, One of the L-street

Gang, Convicted of Vagrancy.

In the Police Court yesterday, the case

of George Langlois, charged with vagrancy,

in living in and about houses of ill fame

and having no visible means of support,

was tried, and the hearing occupied almost

the whole day. The case on the part of

the prosecution, represented by R. M.

Clark, was very strong, and though the

defendant attempted to prove that he had

worked and had quite a bank account,

Judge Buckley came to the conclusion that

individuals of his stamp came clearly un-

der the vagrancy law. Langlois was found

guilty, and sentence will be pronounced on

Monday.

For SALE.—A second-hand Chickering

& Sons' square piano. Bargain for cash.

Hammer's music store, 320 J street.

THEY PROBABLY "CAUGHT ON."

Suspicious Silence Concerning a World-

Famous Dead Beat.

What has become of Sidney S. Lande-

shutt? A few weeks ago the telegraph

wires between New York and this State

were burdened with sensational press dis-

patches concerning the whilom Sacra-

mentan and his recent swindling opera-

tions in the Empire City.

While his operations were furnishing the

newspapers with columns of interesting

material, a citizen of this city wrote to

Inspector Byrne, of New York, informing

him of Landeshutt's career on this coast,

and of the fact of which the New York

papers were not aware that he was wanted

in Melbourne, Australia, for a series of gi-

gantic forgeries committed there a year

ago, the particulars of which were pub-

lished in the Record-Union at the time.

After that letter had time to reach New

York no more was heard of Landeshutt,

and not a word has since come from his

CUPID IN THE KITCHEN.

Rose Hartley and her bachelor uncle having just paid a visit to some friends about thirty miles distant from their home, had proceeded, on a mild and beautiful summer morning, about five miles on their return journey, when they passed a small white cottage embowered with trees, which Rose just glanced at, having not the smallest idea that she would ever see or think of this particular house again. The white cottage was accordingly forgotten almost as soon as seen. Rose had not the faintest idea that she would ever know what manner of family lived there, much less did she suppose that they would be in any way connected with her own destiny. Had some fairy whispered to her that this was to be her home before the maples turned next year, she would have observed the place with more interest.

A short turn in the road brought our friends to a shallow pond, where a two-year-old child was floundering up to its chin in muddy water.

"Oh, uncle," cried Rose, "don't you see that baby in the water? Wait! I'll get out. You hold the horse." And in less time than it takes to tell it Rose had sprung from the buggy and landed the dripping infant on the grass.

"What'll I do with it?" she asked, ruefully.

"I don't know. Can't you take it back to the house?" said Uncle John, who had no patience with troublesome babies, and but little sympathy for their mishaps.

Rose couldn't, of course, carry it without ruining her dress, but by means of coaxing and leading she got the little creature back to the gate, and into the yard in front of the cottage; then, after a surly and suspicious greeting by the house-dog, she conveyed her charge around the house to the kitchen door, which stood open, revealing the presence of a young man with a large gingham apron tied around his waist, in the act of taking a pie from the oven. The moment he caught sight of her he put the pie on the table, exclaiming, "Well, for pity's sake!" as though divided between laughter and anxiety.

"Your little girl fell into the pond," said Rose, looking down at the little waif that still clung to her hand, "and I fished her out and brought her to the house, as I was afraid she'd get drowned."

"All right, but the gender. She happens to be a boy," replied the cook, beginning to rub the child's face and hands with a towel, and then looking up at Rose, exclaiming, "I'm ever so much obliged to you for bringing him in. I didn't know he could get the gate open. His mother has the sick headache to-day, so I'm getting dinner and watching Teddy—two of the biggest jobs I've undertaken for many a day. I hate to bother you, but added, apologetically, "but would you please take that pie out of the oven, while I get some dry clothes for Teddy? It'll be burnt to a cinder before I get back."

"Oh, certainly," said Rose, infinitely amused by the novelty of the situation.

"Well, I do hate to bother you, but will you please watch the cats off the table and keep the flies out of the custard? I'll be back as soon as possible. Come along, old Pudding!" and, catching up the child, he rushed into an adjoining room, whence he presently issued forth, bringing back the blooming infant in smiles and dry clothing.

"I don't know whether I've got him dressed right or not," he said, "but I'll run down on the floor. 'Ought this dress to fasten behind or before? It looks kind of funny."

"It looks as if it was made to fasten at the back," said Rose reflectively.

"Well, it does, doesn't it? Is either on wrong or else Edna's made an awful boggle in the fit of it?"

"Oh, the dress is all right," said Rose, suppressing her rising merriment. "It's been put on wrong."

"Just wait a minute and I'll put it on right. Don't go till I come back, and, catching up the baby again, he flew back into the interior room, while Rose took another pie. The crust was rather peculiar looking—about such crust as a man would be expected to make. The decorations were certainly not very artistic. Rose took up a knife and made a lovely design on a piece of crust which he had rolled out for the top of the last pie. By this time the master of the house had returned.

"Oh, what a lovely flower you've made!" he said, boyishly. "I couldn't make a nice flower, so I just cut a few holes in the crust to let the gas escape. Don't they say a pie is poisonous if you don't cut some holes in the top crust? Or what is the theory?"

"I never heard of anything," laughed Rose, looking at the piecrust which she was pricking with a fork. "I suppose the holes keep the pie from bursting around the edges."

"Uncle will get impatient," said Rose, "Wait till I get this pie ready and I'll go out to the gate with you," said the stranger with most engaging frankness.

"It won't take a minute. The apples are all ready. Do you want an apple pie?"

"Sometimes—if they're sour."

"I forgot to sweeten the others, and didn't put any water in them. Edna said they'd burst if they were too juicy, so I thought I wouldn't risk it. I lost half a nutmeg a while ago," he added, glancing at the baby. "I guess it must have got among the apples in some way, or else the baby ate it. Nutmegs ain't poison, are they?"

"I hope not—if the baby ate it!"

"Where? I smell something burning," he observed, sniffing as he put the last pie into the oven. "I wonder if it is the beans. Dear! It is the beans. They're as dry as herrings. Just wait till I pour some water in them and I'll go out to the gate with you."

So saying, he snatched the bean pot from the stove, and the pale being burning hot, he dropped it, while the pot, falling with a tremendous clatter, rolled over, the lid flew off, and the beans poured forth in a torrent upon the floor.

"Oh, cracky!" shrieked the cook, plunging his hand into a bucket of water, and inadvertently giving the beans a kick as he danced with pain.

Rose was naturally a very hearty laugh, and on this occasion her sense of the unconventionality of her position did not prevent her from giving vent to peal after peal of laughter. The youth, meanwhile, stood with his hand in the bucket, looking at her sideways, with a rather abashed air, but laughing. In a subdued "I wish-I hadn't—been so awkward."

"I really beg your pardon, sir," said Rose at last, resuming her dignity. "I'm sorry you're so unfortunate; but I hope your hand isn't severely hurt. I really must go. You needn't be going to the gate with me. I can find the way easily enough," and lifting her skirts lightly she began gracefully picking her way to the door through the scattered beanpods.

"If she only would slip!" thought the naughty cook, with his heart in his mouth. The pies were propitious. Sure enough she did slip—for beanpods, you know, are only a trifle malicious in their pugilistic tendencies than banana peels, and our hero had the pleasure of her hot store. Both their faces were flushed when he relinquished his grasp on her waist, and Rose, at least, was angry.

"I didn't mean to offend you," he said, apologetically, as he followed her out of the room. "I'm afraid I did though."

"You needn't have put your arm around me," said Rose haughtily. "I did wrong to enter your door, I know."

"Do you think I meant to insult you?"

flushing deeply with mortification. "I threw my arm around you because you were about to fall on the stove."

"It doesn't matter," said Rose, coldly. "If your wife had been in the room it would have been all right. But—"

"My wife! Why, I haven't any," meeting her glance with a mischievous smile. "Edna's sister. Her husband and I farm together, but as she's been nearly dead with the sick headache all morning, and the girl's gone, I volunteered to stay at home and do the cooking. Won't the dinner be lovely?" shrugging his shoulders with a little uneasy laugh.

Rose hurried on a little in advance without speaking. He overtook her presently, and as he held the gate open for her to pass, he said, with an entertaining glance: "Won't you please signify that you forgive me by telling me your name. Mine is—"

"I hardly think an introduction necessary, as we are not likely to meet again," interrupted Rose, turning her head aside. "You needn't mind coming any further, sir."

"But if I persist you won't make me go back?" archly.

Rose smiled in spite of her effort to look grave. It was really not worth while to get angry at such a trifle.

"I hope you don't live very far from here?" interrogatively, as they walked down the road.

"Yes, quite a long distance."

Rose wouldn't look at him. He was sure to be looking at her, and his smile was altogether too legging.

"You wouldn't mind telling me how far and in what direction?" inquiringly.

Rose wouldn't tell.

"Perhaps you're married," struck by a sudden thought.

"Oh, no; not at all!"

"If you and I were acquainted we might—I might write to you for advice when I get puzzled about cooking."

"I think I gave you enough advice this morning to last a long while," laughed Rose as they reached the buggy. "Adieu! Be sure to keep Teddy away from the pond."

"Hello! Got back at last?" exclaimed Uncle John shortly. "Thought you'd concluded to stay for dinner. Morning, sir," stillly nodding to the stranger, who was helping Rose into the buggy.

"I wish you would stop for dinner," said that young gentleman fervently watching Rose, though he pretended to center all his attention on her uncle. "Have you been traveling far this morning, sir? If you have, you're welcome to stay and feed your horse. We'll give you the best dinner we can," looking comically at Rose.

"No, I thank you. We'll go on—Morning," and Uncle John touched his mettlesome nag with a whip. Rose, forgetful of her late indignation, looked back laughingly at the bareheaded young fellow, who stood wrapping his apron around his burned hand and watching her as the buggy glided rapidly on. And the white cottage among the trees vanished from sight.

Three months later Alfred Harris, for such was the name of our unlucky young cook, might have been seen at the county fair, walking with a friend of about his own age. Both seemed to be looking for some one.

"I don't believe she's here," said the former at last in a despondent tone; "I've looked for her the whole morning, and it seems to me I've seen everybody on the fair-grounds forty-seven times. She can't be here, or I'd have seen her."

"Perhaps you've forgotten what she looks like," suggested his friend.

"Forgotten! The idea! I'll never forget her," cried Alf, moodily. "Not that she'd speak to me if she saw me. She isn't the kind of girl that has to go away from home to make acquaintances. I saw that by her determination not to let me know who she was. I'd have to get an introduction before she'd notice me."

"You're sure not to know any one she does."

"That's so. I'll have to risk speaking to her, and then perhaps get cut for my trouble. I daresay she's forgotten me."

"There's a girl in blue that looks some thing like you described her. Up there on the top seat."

"Ah! what's the use of looking? I've looked till I'm sick, perfectly sick of faces."

"Well, then, why not give her up?"

"You're losing all the fun of the fair, and so am I. I'd rather sympathize with her than give her up. You do know who would give their eyes for a promenade with you? The Howard girls, for instance. Let's go and speak to them."

"I don't care one fig for any girl on the ground," said Alf, here he protested Alf, sulky, and an instant later they came face to face with two couples—lovely girls in pale blue, each with a stylish escort, who seemed to belong to the same party, and to be having lots of fun. One of the girls looked distinctly like the girl who blushed with delight as he raised his hat.

"It's she, Jack," he whispered triumphantly, as they passed on.

"What! The unknown?"

"Precisely. Isn't she lovely?"

"Why in the name of Daniel Webster and all the prophets didn't you speak to her?" crossly.

"I did bow, but of course I couldn't rush up and introduce myself while she had company. I might if I only knew her name. But I think she'd overlook it if she liked me the least bit in the world. Suppose we turn back. I don't want to appear like following her, but I've no notion of losing sight of her altogether."

"What a stylish dude that was with her?"

"Yes, confound him! She seemed to enjoy his company, didn't she?"

The blue dresses extricated themselves from the dense crowd around the ring and drifted toward the Floral Hall, followed at a respectable distance by our two friends. In the hall the unknown and her friends leisurely examined the floral display, while Alf hung around sufficiently far away not to seem obtrusive, but with the uncomfortable feeling that he was making no headway at all. Presently the party was joined by another young gentleman, who after a good deal of laughter and gay chatter, went away, accompanied, alas! by the fair unknown. Alf was vexed and cross. The hall had lost all attractions for him, and leaving his friends, who had four or five times as much to see as he, he wandered into the fair-grounds again, drawn by the sight of a pale blue dress quite as effectively as is a bit of steel by a magnet.

An hour—two hours—passed. It was now 3 o'clock. Some of the people were going home. He had lost sight of the blue dress; perhaps she was gone. Some wretch had stopped him to speak to him and ask him if he were sick. It was so amusing to see him tramping alone through a crowd, looking like Dr. Syntax in "some of his" and while he was telling of some amiable life in extension of his extraordinary conduct the blue dress had vanished. Just as he was about to give up in despair and abandon himself to the remnant of fun which he retained, he came suddenly upon an elderly bachelor with whom he chanced to be slightly acquainted, and who was, oh, bliss! talking with the object of his search. This obtuse gentleman had a horse in the ring which was to him, an object of far greater interest than the blue dress at his side. To Alf the horse was nothing—the young lady everything; yet, with the inconsistency of young love, he rushed into rhapsodies over the former, ignoring the latter completely. Mr. Drake also ignored the young man, and plunged into a sea of horse lore, which drove poor Alf nearly to the verge of madness. Why couldn't the wretch see that he was doing for an introduction to that girl? What did it matter to him if all the horses in creation got a premium, if he failed to make her acquaintance?

At last the other girl in blue, evidently his sister, and the other's sister came up to inform her that they were going home before long.

"Where's Dick?" asked the sister; "we're going to look him up and all start home together about 3:30. Puss wants us to stop at her home and see the moon goes up. Pan and Ridge will be there, and Ed and Rhoda. We're to have ice cream, and, oh! just a scrumptious time. Will you come with us or wait here for Dick?"

Alf's heart was in his mouth. He forgot to assume indifference to the presence of the Unknown; forgot to feign an interest in horses; forgot even prudence as he looked beseechingly at Rose, as though he would throw some enchanter's spell over her to keep her from eluding this last chance of forming her acquaintance.

"After I've blistered my toes with all that tramping, and cut every friend I've got, too?" he thought miserably.

Evidently his eyes had power to charm, for she excused herself from her friends, saying that she was tired of promenade, and would remain beside the ring and watch the horses until Dick found her as they came round again.

Then to Alf's infinite joy his absent-minded friend remembered to introduce him, and he was the seventh leaver of delight when Miss Hartly, notwithstanding her previous pain of fatigue, accepted his arm for a promenade.

"Miss Hartly, I was afraid you—I thought—I hope you are not going home very soon," faltered the poor fellow, in agony least his newly-found treasure should be torn from him just as his happiness seemed assured.

"I was going at half-past 3," said Rose. "I hope it isn't near that time?" inquiringly.

"Oh, no, it can't be later than 2; but if you are very tired (Alf had been on the wing all day) and don't care to promenade, perhaps you might prefer sitting in a buggy awhile. The promenade is so awfully crowded."

"Do I look much fatigued?" smiling.

"Oh, dear, no! But I do detect a crowd, don't you? We might find a buggy where we could see the people, and yet not be jostled by them."

Rose assented, and they were soon seated in a buggy quite out of the crowd, and where Alf earnestly hoped "Dick" would never think of looking for them.

"What a lovely day this has been, and what a large crowd of people!" began Rose, by way of opening a desultory conversation.

"Oh, yes! But I—Miss Hartly," as usual plunging head foremost through the ice right at first, "do you remember that this is not our first meeting?"

"I didn't remember our previous introduction," said Rose, examining her fan, reflectively.

"You haven't forgotten about the pies and Teddy, have you?" bursting into laughter, in which Rose frankly joined.

"I've a dim recollection of feeling a little boy out of a pond, but thought you had forgotten."

"And the beans? Have you forgotten about the beans?" with rueful laughter.

"Perhaps I'd better not have mentioned them, though. You were angry with me that day, I'm afraid."

"Was I? I forget," said Rose.

"Perhaps you'd rather not date our acquaintance from that day?" interrogatively.

"I'm afraid I made a very bad impression on your mind that day, Miss Hartly."

"Not at all," said Rose, fanning herself.

"In all I couldn't have made a good impression on anybody." Alf went on meditatively; "I wrote a kitchen apron and said some things that were rather silly, didn't I?"

Rose laughed pleasantly, and disclaimed all remembrance of hearing anything silly.

"You wouldn't have spoken to me with an introduction, would you? That is, you wouldn't have asked me to come with you?"

"What makes you think so?"

"I don't like it. I was afraid you wouldn't like it if I addressed you without an introduction, and I thought I wasn't going to get any at all, when those friends of yours came along and told me where you had talked to me."

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